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BRUTUS: "Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?"

JULIUS CÆSAR *Act* IV *Scene* 3

Booklovers Edition

Julius Caesar

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study

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THE
TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Julius Cæsar* was first published in the Folio of 1623. It was printed with exceptional care, and its text is so accurate, that (as the Cambridge editors rightly observe) it may perhaps have been printed from the original manuscript of the author. In this respect it contrasts strongly with the play preceding it in the Folio, the tragedy of *Timon of Athens*. It would seem that the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was proceeded with before the Editors had procured the copy of *Timon* (*vide* Preface to "*Timon*").

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Source of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Julius Cæsar* from Sir Thomas North's famous translation of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," and more especially from the Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. In this play, as in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is impossible to over-estimate Shakespeare's debt to North's monumental version of the work which has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." In *Julius Cæsar*, as in the other Roman plays, the dramatist has often borrowed North's very expressions,* while "of the incident there is almost nothing

* One example will suffice to show the correspondence of the verse and prose:—

which he does not owe to Plutarch." Nevertheless, a comparison of the play with its original reveals the poet's transforming power; he has thrown "a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is not wholly his own." *

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1759."†

Specially noteworthy is Shakespeare's compression of the action, for the purposes of dramatic representation, *e.g.* (i.) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months be-

> *"I dare assure thee that no enemy*
> *Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:*
> *The gods defend him from so great a shame!*
> *When you do find him, or alive or dead,*
> *He will be found like Brutus, like himself."*
>
> (V. iv. 21-25.)

Cp. "*I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.*"—(North's *Life of Brutus.*)

* *Vide* Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch* (pp. 64-66).

† The best modern edition is that now in course of publication in Mr. Nutt's "*Tudor Translations*"; Vol. I. contains an excellent introductory study by Mr. Wyndham.

Prof. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is a valuable and handy book for students.

It is impossible to say which edition of North's Plutarch was used by Shakespeare: new editions appeared in 1595, 1603, and 1612. As far as *Julius Cæsar* is concerned the choice is limited to the first and second editions. The Greenock 1612 edition, with the initials W. S. and with some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, was certainly not used for the present play (*vide* Preface to *Coriolanus*).

fore); (ii.) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (iii.) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius, are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already founded in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

> *"In the Capitol anon him hente* (*i.e.* seized)
> *This falsë Brutus, and his other foon,*
> *And stikked him with bodëkins anoon*
> *With many a wound, and thus they let him lie."*

(It will be remembered that Polonius in his student-days "did enact Julius Cæsar," "*I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.*" "*It was a brute part,*" observed Hamlet, "*to kill so capital a calf there,*" *Hamlet*, III. ii. 108-110.)

The Date of Composition. Perhaps the most valuable piece of external evidence for the date of *Julius Cæsar* is to be found in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in 1601; the following lines are obviously a direct reference to the present play:—

> *"The many-headed multitude were drawn*
> *By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.*
> *When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn*
> *His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"*

Similarly, Drayton's *Barons' Wars*—a revised version made before 1603 of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596—contains what may possibly have been a reminiscence of Shakespeare's famous lines:—

> *"His life was gentle and the elements*
> *So mixed in him,"* etc.*

* It is remarkable that the 1619 edition of *The Barons' Wars*, containing a further revision of the passage, comes very near indeed to the passage in Shakespeare, *e.g.*:—

This external evidence, pointing to *circa* 1601 as the date of the play, is borne out by general considerations of style and versification.* The paucity of light-endings and weak-endings (10 of the former, and none of the latter) contrasts with the large number found in the other Roman plays (71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*).

An interesting suggestion connects *Julius Cæsar* with the political affairs of 1601, to wit, Essex' reckless conspiracy. It is probably saying too much to make the play a political manifesto, but the subject would certainly "come home to the ears and hearts of a London audience of 1601, after the favourite's outbreak against his sovereign. '*Et tu Brute!*' would mean more to them than to us" (Dr. Furnivall, *Academy*, Sept. 18, 1875).

Julius Caesar and Hamlet. Brutus and Hamlet are, as it were, twin-brothers,—idealists forced to take a prominent part in the world of action, when they would fain

> *"As that it seemed, when Nature him began*
> *She meant to show all that might be a man."*

* Mr. Fleay thinks that the present form of the play belongs to the year 1607, and that it represents an abridgement of a fuller play; hence "the paucity of rhymes, the number of short lines, and the brevity of the play." The same critic holds that Ben Jonson abridged the play. "Shakespeare and Jonson probably worked together on *Sejanus* in 1602-3. He having helped Jonson then in a historical play, what more likely than that Jonson should be chosen to remodel Shakespeare's *Cæsar*, if it needed to be reproduced in a shorter form than he gave it originally? And for such reproduction (after Shakespeare's death, between 1616 and 1623) to what author would such work of abridgement have been entrusted except Shakespeare's critical friend Jonson? Fletcher would have enlarged, not shortened" (*cp. Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 262-270). But would the learned Jonson have permitted such errors as "Decius" Brutus, and the like? The student should contrast the archæologically "correct," but lifeless, *Sejanus*, with Shakespeare's living characters infused with the Roman spirit.

contemplate the actions of others; action brings ruin alike to the reckless philosopher and to the irresolute blood-avenger. Shakespeare recognised the kinship of the two characters, and it would seem, from internal evidence, that his mind was busy with the two conceptions at about the same time. Polonius, as has already been pointed out, prides himself on his personation of *Julius Cæsar*, while at the University; Horatio, who is "more an antique Roman than a Dane," sees in the apparition of "the buried majesty of Denmark" the precurse of fierce events, even as

> *"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,*
> *A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,*
> *The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead*
> *Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets";*

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralises on "*Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to dust*"; when the King, watching 'the poison of deep grief' in poor Ophelia, reproaches himself for having done but greenly "*in hugger-mugger*" to inter her father, who can doubt that the strange phrase is a reminiscence of North's *Life of Brutus?* *

The Speech of Brutus. If, as is most probable, *Julius Cæsar* preceded *Hamlet*, it is not altogether surprising to find in the latter play these striking references to the former subject. It would, however, prove a matter of greater interest and importance were we to discover in *Julius Cæsar* some direct connexion with the subject of Hamlet. The present writer ventures to think he may have found some such connexion. Brutus' famous address to the assembled Romans (III. ii.) has an irresistible fascination for the student of the play. Its curtness is said to be in imitation of the speaker's "famed laconic brevity," whereof Shakespeare found a vivid account in

* "*Antony thinking good that Cæsar's body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger.*"

North's *Life of Brutus*,* but one looks in vain for any suggestion of the speech in any of the *Lives*.†

The original of the speech, according to the theory here hazarded, is perhaps to be found in Belleforest's *History of Hamlet*. Chapter VI. (in the earliest extant English version) tells, "*How Hamlet, having slain his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he had done*": &c. The situation of Hamlet is almost identical with that of Brutus after he has dealt the blow, and the burden of Hamlet's too lengthy speech finds an echo in Brutus' sententious utterance. The verbose iteration of the Dane has been compressed to suit "the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians." ‡

* "When the war began he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have done so willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end'" (*Life of Brutus*).

† Similarly, no direct source for Antony's speech to the citizens (III. ii.) is to be found in Plutarch. It is just possible that a few bare hints were derived from Appian's *History of the Civil War*, which had been translated, from Greek, into English before 1578.

‡ I draw attention to the following sentences taken at random from the English translation (dated 1608), without entering into the question of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Belleforest in the original French (*vide* Preface to *Hamlet*):—"If there be any among you, good people of Denmark, that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant King Horvendile, let him not be moved, *etc.* . . . If there be any man that affecteth fidelity . . . let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre. . . . The hand that hath done this justice could not affect it by any other means. . . . And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon than in the clemency and renewed courtesy of Horvendile? And what man is he, that having any spark of wisdom, *etc.* I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your

References to Julius Caesar in Shakespeare's Notes. Scattered throughout the plays there are many other striking references to "mighty Cæsar." The following is a fairly full list of the more important allusions:—*As You Like It* (V. ii. 34-35); *2 Henry IV.* (I. i. 20-24; IV. iii. 45-46); *Henry V.* (Chorus Act V.); *1 Henry VI.* (I. i. 55-56; I. ii. 138-139); *2 Henry VI.* (IV. i. 136-138; IV. vii. 65); *3 Henry VI.* (V. v. 53); *Richard III.* (III. i. 69); *Measure for Measure* (III. ii. 45-46); *Cymbeline* (II. iv. 20-23; III. i. 49-52). The catastrophe of the play finds, of course, its real culmination in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*; two direct allusions to *Julius Cæsar* are noteworthy:—Act II. vi. 14-18, Act III. ii. 53-56. Observe, also, the reference to "*Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia," in Merchant of Venice* (I. i. 165-166).

Duration of Action. The time of *Julius Cæsar* is six days represented on the stage, with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iii. *Day* 3, Acts II., III. *Interval. Day* 4, Act IV. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act IV. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act V. The historical period extends from Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C., to the Battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

Plays on "Julius Caesar." (i.) There is no doubt as to the popularity of the subject of *Julius Cæsar* on the English stage before the appearance of Shakespeare's play, though it is extremely doubtful whether the latter owes anything to its predecessors, unless it be the phrase "*Et tu, Brute*," which may indirectly have been derived from Dr. Eedes' play of *Cæsaris Interfecti*, acted at Oxford in 1582. Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions '*Cæsar and Pompey*'; while from Machyn's *Diary* it is inferred that 'Julius Cæsar' was represented at Whitehall as early as 1562, but this is somewhat doubtful.

deliverance." (The whole speech should be read in Collier's Reprint of the *History of Hamlet, Shakespeare Library.*)

According to Henslowe's *Diary*, "*the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey; or Cæsar's Revenge*" was produced in 1594.

(ii.) The present play evidently called forth rival productions, and gave a fresh interest to the subject,* for we find that a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall* was, in 1602, being prepared by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others. In 1604 William Alexander, Lord Stirling, published in Scotland his "*Julius Cæsar*," which was re-published in England some three years later.

A droll or puppet-show on the same subject is mentioned by Marston in 1605, and by Jonson in 1609.

Cæsar's Tragedy acted at Court, 10th April, 1613, was possibly Shakespeare's play (*vide* Note, *supra.*)

(In Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* [*circa* 1608] the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is imitated.)

(iii.) After the publication of the First Folio we have Thomas May's Latin play, 1625, and George Chapman's "*Cæsar and Pompey: a Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars, out of whose events is evicted this proposition that only a just man is a free man.*"

(iv.) In 1719 Davenant and Dryden published their alteration of Shakespeare's play, adapting it to the tastes of their day. To about the same period belongs Voltaire's "*Le Brutus*," an interesting document illustrative of the slow appreciation of Shakespeare on the Continent; its introductory essay on 'Tragedy' is almost as instructive as the text. No play of Shakespeare's has been more popular, and probably none has become more widely known, translated into strangest dialects, so that the words spoken by Cassius have a prophetic significance in a sense other than that intended by their inspired author:—

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
> In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

* The popularity of Shakespeare's play is in all probability attested by Leonard Digges' verses prefixed to the First Folio (1623):—

> "*Or till I hear a scene more nobly take*
> *Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake,*" etc.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Julius Cæsar returns victorious from foreign wars and, according to custom, the citizens of Rome escort him in triumph to the Capitol. So overjoyed are they that Mark Antony deems the day propitious to offer him a kingly crown. This is thrice offered and thrice refused. But even in the hour of Cæsar's greatest triumph forces are at work against him. Cassius has gathered together a band of conspirators, who finally persuade Brutus, a high-minded Roman, to join them, under the belief that the death of Cæsar will be for the country's good.

II. Upon his entry into Rome, Cæsar had been warned by a soothsayer to "beware the ides of March." So on the dawn of this portentous day, he is minded to remain at home, especially since his wife has been the victim of ominous dreams. But the conspirators have foreseen his hesitancy and therefore come in a body to urge his attendance at the senate-house. Ashamed of his fears, he yields and goes with them.

III. Once in the senate-house, the conspirators, under guise of presenting a petition, press about Cæsar; and presently each one stabs him, Brutus thrusting last of all. Cæsar murmurs, "And *thou*, Brutus?" and expires.

Mark Antony, Cæsar's steadfast friend, flies at the first scent of danger, but returns to dissemble with the slayers of Cæsar. He pleads friendliness for their cause, but begs permission to speak at the burial of the slain leader. Brutus generously consents to this, despite his

friends' disapproval, stipulating only that he himself speak first, and that Antony in his oration make no charges. Antony declares himself satisfied. Brutus accordingly makes a short speech to the citizens, in which he pleads the general welfare as sufficient cause and excuse for the slaying of Cæsar. Antony follows him in a skilful harangue, full of praise for Cæsar; and though referring to Brutus and his party as "honourable men," he turns the term into a reproach and byword. The populace, which but a moment before was applauding Brutus to the echo, now turns in fury against him. The conspirators are forced to flee the city.

IV. Upon the death of Cæsar two factions arise and take the field against each other. The first is the army of Brutus and Cassius. The second comprises the forces of a newly-formed triumvirate, consisting of Mark Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus. Both armies converge towards the Plains of Philippi. One night while Brutus is lying awake and restless in his tent, the ghost of Cæsar appears and tells him, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

V. The forces meet at Philippi and engage in battle. But from the first the troops of Brutus and Cassius are dispirited—unconsciously influenced by the forebodings that have come to both their leaders. With his own "good sword, that ran through Cæsar's bowels," Cassius causes himself to be killed by his servant Pindarus. Later in the day Brutus runs on his sword and dies. The triumvirate are victorious, and Cæsar may "now be still."

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Character of Caesar.

The character of Cæsar is one of the most difficult in Shakespeare. Under the influence of some of his speeches we find ourselves in the presence of one of the

master spirits of mankind; other scenes in which he plays a leading part breathe nothing but the feeblest vacillation and weakness. It is the business of Character-Interpretation to harmonise this contradiction; it is not interpretation at all to ignore one side of it and be content with describing Cæsar as vacillating. The force and strength of his character is seen in the impression he makes upon forceful and strong men. The attitude of Brutus to Cæsar seems throughout to be that of looking up; and notably at one point the thought of Cæsar's greatness seems to cast a lurid gleam over the assassination plot itself, and Brutus feels that the grandeur of the victim gives a dignity to the crime:—

> Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.

The strength and force of Antony again no one will question; and Antony, at the moment when he is alone with the corpse of Cæsar and can have no motive for hypocrisy, apostrophises it in the words—

> Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times.

And we see enough of Cæsar in the play to bear out the opinions of Brutus and Antony. Those who accept vacillation as sufficient description of Cæsar's character must explain his strong speeches as vaunting and self-assertion. But surely it must be possible for dramatic language to distinguish between the true and the assumed force; and equally surely there is a genuine ring in the speeches in which Cæsar's heroic spirit, shut out from the natural sphere of action in which it has been so often proved, leaps restlessly at every opportunity into pregnant words. We may thus feel certain of his lofty physical courage.

> Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once.

> Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
> It seems to me most strange that men should fear . . .
> . . . . . .
> Danger knows full well
> That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
> We are two lions litter'd in one day,
> And I the elder and more terrible.

A man must have felt the thrill of courage in search of its food, danger, before his self-assertion finds language of this kind in which to express itself. In another scene we have the perfect *fortiter in re* and *suaviter in modo* of the trained statesmanship exhibited in the courtesy with which Cæsar receives the conspirators, combined with his perfect readiness to "tell graybeards the truth." Nor could imperial firmness be more ideally painted than in the way in which Cæsar "prevents" Cimber's intercession. . . .

There is another circumstance to be taken into account in explaining the weakness of Cæsar. A change has come over the spirit of Roman political life itself—such seems to be Shakespeare's conception: Cæsar on his return has found Rome no longer the Rome he had known. Before he left for Gaul, Rome had been the ideal sphere for public life, the arena in which principles alone were allowed to combat, and from which the banishment of personal aims and passions was the first condition of virtue. In his absence Rome has gradually degenerated; the mob has become the ruling force, and introduced an element of uncertainty into political life; politics has passed from science into gambling. A new order of public men has arisen, of which Cassius and Antony are the types; personal aims, personal temptations, and personal risks are now inextricably interwoven with public action. This is a changed order of things to which the mind of Cæsar, cast in a higher mould, lacks the power to adapt itself. His vacillation is the vacillation of unfamiliarity with the new political conditions. He refuses the crown "each time gentler than the other," showing want of decisive

reading in dealing with the fickle mob; and on his return from the Capitol he is too untrained in hypocrisy to conceal the angry spot upon his face; he has tried to use the new weapons which he does not understand, and has failed. It is a subtle touch of Shakespeare's to the same effect that Cæsar is represented as having himself undergone a change *of late*:—

> For he is superstitious grown of late,
> Quite from the main opinion he held once
> Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.

To come back to a world of which you have mastered the machinery, and to find that it is no longer governed by machinery at all, that causes no longer produce their effects—this, if anything, might well drive a strong intellect to superstition. And herein consists the pathos of Cæsar's situation. The deepest tragedy of the play is not the assassination of Cæsar, it is rather seen in such a speech as this of Decius:—

> If he be so resolved,
> I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
> That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
> And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
> Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
> But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
> He says he does, being then most flattered.

Assassination is a less piteous thing than to see the giant intellect by its very strength unable to contend against the low cunning of a fifth-rate intriguer.

Such, then, appears to be Shakespeare's conception of Julius Cæsar. He is the consummate type of the practical: emphatically the public man, complete in all the greatness that belongs to action. On the other hand, the knowledge of self produced by self-contemplation is wanting, and so when he comes to consider the relation of his individual self to the state he vacillates with the vacillation of a strong man moving amongst

men of whose greater intellectual subtlety he is dimly conscious: no unnatural conception for a Cæsar who has been founding empires abroad while his fellows have been sharpening their wits in the party contests of a decaying state.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

III.

Why Caesar Seems Insignificant.

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his *Commentaries*; it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words, and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that did "awe the world?" The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he

hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife as a prince; the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house; even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power; and he maintains everywhere the proud, strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride, this haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calphurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him, and which causes his ruin; just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

IV.

Brutus.

Brutus is the true hero of the piece. . . . Coleridge has thrown out a very pertinent doubt as to what sort of a character Shakespeare meant his Brutus to be. For it is remarkable that in his thinking aloud, a little after the breaking of the conspiracy to him, he avowedly bottoms his purpose, not at all on anything Cæsar has done nor what he is, but simply on what he *may become* when crowned. . . .

And yet the character of Brutus in the play, as in history, is full of beauty and sweetness; high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life upright; gentle, and pure, his honour as white as new-coined snow; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; scorning to bind his promise with an oath, as one who will sooner die than swerve a hair from his lightest word; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; in his habitual demeanour cheerfully grave and genially severe; clothed with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart; a real patriot, every inch of him, able alike to adorn his country in the senate and in the field, and willing alike to serve her with his life and with his death. . . .

Of course, as here represented, Brutus could only be what he was and yet do what he did under some kind of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion may be justly said to have the effect of ennobling and beautifying his character, forasmuch as it takes him and works upon him only through his virtues. A genuine though perhaps too absorbing patriotism is the mainspring of his action. But his patriotism is mainly of a speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, among the ideals of a sort of philosophical and poetical dreamland. He is an ardent and enthusiastic student of books: Plato has been his favourite teacher, and he has studiously framed his life and tuned his thoughts to the grand and pure conceptions won from that all but divine source: Plato's genius and spirit walk with him in the senate, sit with him at the fireside, go with him to the war, and still hover about his tent.

Nevertheless, or perhaps we should rather say *therefore*, he does not really see where he is and what lies about him, has no clear eye for the drift and temper of the times, the circumstances and aptitudes amidst which

he lives. The characters of those who act with him are too far below the region of his principles and habitua thinkings for him to take the true cast of them. Himself incapable of such motives as prompt their action, he therefore cannot understand them: he but projects and suspends his ideals in them, and then misreckons upon them as answering to and realizing the men of his own brain. So, also, he clings to the idea of the great and free republic of his fathers, the old Rome that has ever stood to his feelings touched with the consecrations of time, and glorified by the high virtues that have grown up under her cherishing. But, in the long reign of tearing faction and civil butchery, that which he worships has been substantially changed, the reality lost. Cæsar, already clothed with the title and the power of Imperator for life, would but change the form so as to agree with the substance, the name so as to fit the thing. But the mind of Brutus is so filled with the idea of that which has thus passed away never to return, that he thinks to save or to recover the whole thing by preventing such formal and nominal change.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Cassius.

Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator [than Brutus]. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion; otherwise they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus:—

> "All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He only, in a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them."

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

VI.

Brutus and Cassius Compared.

The characters of Brutus and Cassius, though without any seeming effort or care, are discriminated with great subtlety and depth of art; scarce a word falling from either but what relishes somehow of their distinctive qualities. Cassius is much the better conspirator, but much the worse man; and therefore the better conspirator, because the worse man. For Brutus engages in the conspiracy on the grounds of abstract and ideal justice: but Cassius, from his very principles of action, regards it as both a wrong and a blunder to go about such a thing but with strong hopes of success. This, accordingly, is the end for which he plans and works, choosing and shaping his means with a view to compass it, minding little whether, in themselves, they be just or not. Withal he is more impulsive and quick, because less under the self-discipline of moral principle. His motives, too, are of a much more mixed and various quality, because his habits of thinking and acting have grown by the measures of experience: he studies to understand men as they are; Brutus is content to understand them

as they ought to be, and must needs act with them as if they were what he would have them. Hence, in every case where Brutus crosses Cassius, he is wrong, and Cassius right; right, that is, if success be the proper crown of their undertaking. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and nobleness of his principles. It is observable that Cassius catches a sort of inspiration and is raised above himself by contact with Brutus.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Portia.

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt, and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: on him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
. . . Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!

There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she restrained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears.

If Portia had been a Christian, and lived in later times, she might have been another Lady Russel; but she made a poor stoic. No factitious or external control was sufficient to restrain such an exuberance of sensibility and fancy; and those who praise the *philosophy* of Portia and the *heroism* of her death, certainly mistook the character altogether. It is evident, from the manner of her death, that it was not deliberate self-destruction, "after the high Roman fashion," but took place in a paroxysm of madness, caused by overwrought and suppressed feeling, grief, terror, and suspense.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

VIII.

Ensemble.

The piece of *Julius Cæsar*, to complete the action, requires to be continued to the fall of Brutus and Cassius. Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus. The amiable beauty of his character, his feeling and patriotic heroism, are portrayed with peculiar care. Yet the poet has pointed out with great nicety the superiority of

Cassius over Brutus in independent volition and discernment in judging of human affairs; that the latter, from the purity of his mind, and his conscientious love of justice, is unfit to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted; and that these very faults give an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. In the part of Cæsar, several ostentatious speeches have been censured as unsuitable. But as he never appears in action, we have no other measure of his greatness than the impression which he makes upon the rest of the characters, and his peculiar confidence in himself. In this, Cæsar was by no means deficient, as we learn from history and his own writings; but he displayed it more in the easy ridicule of his enemies than in pompous discourses. The theatrical effect of this play is injured by a partial falling off of the last two acts, compared with the preceding, in external splendour and rapidity. The first appearance of Cæsar in festal robes, when the music stops, and all are silent whenever he opens his mouth, and when the few words which he utters are received as oracles, is truly magnificent; the conspiracy is a true conspiracy, which, in stolen interviews and in the dead of night, prepares the blow which is to be struck in open day, and which is to change the constitution of the world;—the confused thronging before the murder of Cæsar, the general agitation even of the perpetrators after the deed, are all portrayed with most masterly skill; with the funeral procession and the speech of Antony, the effect reaches its utmost height. *Cæsar's shade is more powerful to avenge his fall than he himself was to guard against it.* After the overthrow of the external splendour and greatness of the conqueror and ruler of the world, the intrinsic grandeur of character of Brutus and Cassius is all that remains to fill the stage and occupy the minds of the spectators: suitably to their name, as the last of the Romans, they stand there, in some degree alone; and the forming of a great and hazardous determination is more powerfully calcu-

lated to excite our expectation, than the supporting the consequences of the deed with heroic firmness.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

The style of *Julius Cæsar* is characterized by simplicity and breadth of touch, and each sentence is clear, easy, and flowing, with the thought clothed in perfect and adequate expression: the lines are as limpid as those of *Romeo and Juliet*, but without their remains of rhyme and Italian conceits. Of all Shakespeare's works, none has greater purity of verse or transparent fluency. . . . Nothing perhaps in the whole roll of dramatic poetry equals the tenderness given by Shakespeare to Brutus, that tenderness of a strong nature which the force of contrast renders so touching and so beautiful.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

Julius Cæsar is indeed protagonist of the tragedy; but it is not the Cæsar whose bodily presence is weak, whose mind is declining in strength and sure-footed energy, the Cæsar who stands exposed to all the accidents of fortune. This bodily presence of Cæsar is but of secondary importance, and may be supplied when it actually passes away, by Octavius as its substitute. It is the spirit of Cæsar which is the dominant power of the tragedy; against this—the spirit of Cæsar—Brutus fought; but Brutus, who forever errs in practical politics, succeeded only in striking down Cæsar's body; he who had been weak now rises as pure spirit, strong and terrible, and avenges himself upon the conspirators. The contrast between the weakness of Cæsar's bodily presence in the first half of the play, and the might of his spiritual presence in the latter half of the play, is emphasized, and perhaps over-emphasized, by Shakspere. It was the error of Brutus that he failed to perceive wherein lay the true Cæsarean power, and acted with short-sighted eagerness and violence.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs after the death of*
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS. }

CICERO, }
PUBLIUS, } *senators.*
POPILIUS LENA, }

MARCUS BRUTUS, }
CASSIUS, }
CASCA, }
TREBONIUS, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
LIGARIUS, }
DECIUS BRUTUS, }
METELLUS CIMBER. }
CINNA, }

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, }
TITINIUS, }
MESSALA, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
Young CATO, }
VOLUMNIUS. }

VARRO, }
CLITUS, }
CLAUDIUS, }
STRATO, } *servants to Brutus.*
LUCIUS, }
DARDANIUS, }

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas our great ancestor

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I

saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar: for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any

occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural':
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. Brutus's orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. [*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar? But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers,
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who 's within!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people: among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks:
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me!
[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*
Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*
Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'
Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where 's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving;

Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brut. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Brut. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Brut. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, bra
hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

Scene II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
* Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*
Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that

would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that 's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement: thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs:
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show your sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true: the will! Let 's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we 'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his power.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! What 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean? 130
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be:
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I 'll know his humour when he knows his time:
What should the wards do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? 150

O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry

Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the haard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?

Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foreign ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin.]*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He 's ta'en. [*Shout*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, Young Cato, and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I 'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes:
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abide, answer for, suffer for; III. i. 94; III. ii. 119.
Abjects, things cast away; IV. i. 37.
About, go about; I. i. 73.
——! set to work; III. ii. 208.
Abroad, about in; III ii. 256.
Across, crossed, folded; II. i. 240.
Address'd, ready; III. i. 29.
Advantage, profit us; III. i. 242.
After, afterwards; I. ii. 76.
Against, over against, near; I. iii. 20.
All over, one after the other; II. i. 112.
Alone, only; IV. iii. 94.
An, if; I. ii. 267.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; when Troy was sacked he bore him on his shoulders from the burning town; I. ii. 114.
Angel, darling, favourite, (?) guardian angel; III. ii. 185.
Annoy, injure, harm; II. i. 160.
Answer, be ready for combat; V. i. 24.
Answer'd, paid for, atoned for; III. ii. 85.
Answered, faced; IV. i. 47.
Apace, quickly; V. iii. 87.
Apparent, manifest; II. i. 198.
Appoint, settle upon; IV. i. 30.
Apprehensive, endowed with intelligence; III. i. 67.
Apt, suitable, likely; II. ii. 97.
——, ready, fit; III. i. 160.
——, impressionable; V. iii. 68.
Arrive, reach; I. ii. 110.
Astonish, stun with terror; I. iii. 56.
Ate, the goddess of Mischief and Revenge; III. i. 271.
At hand, in hand; IV. ii. 23.
Aught, anything; I. ii. 85.
Augurers, professional interpreters of omens (originally, diviners by the flight and cries of birds); II. i. 200.

Bait, hunt, chase (Theobald, ("*bay*"); IV. iii. 28.
Bang, blow; III. iii. 18.
Barren-spirited, dull; IV. i. 36.
Base, low; II. i. 26.
Bastardy, act of baseness; II. i. 138.
Battles, forces; V. i. 4.
Bay, bark at; IV. iii. 27.
Bay'd, driven to bay (a term of the chase); III. i. 204.
Bear a hand over, hold in check (as a rider); I. ii. 35.
Bear hard, bear ill-will against; I. ii. 316; II. i. 215.
Bear me, bear from me, receive from me; III. iii. 18.

Bears (betrayed) with glasses; alluding to the stories that bears were surprised by means of mirrors, which they would gaze into, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim; II. i. 205. See Notes.

Beat, beaten; V. v. 23.

Behaviours, conduct; I. ii. 41.

Beholding, beholden; III. ii. 70.

Belike, perhaps; III. ii. 275.

Bend, look; I. ii. 123.

Bending, directing, pressing on; IV. iii. 170.

Best; "you were b.," it were best for you; III. iii. 13.

Bestow, spend; V. v. 61.

Betimes, in good time, early; II. i. 116.

Bills, billets, written documents; V. ii. 1.

Bird of night, i.e. the owl; I. iii. 26.

Blood; "Pompey's b." (probably) offspring; Gnæus, Pompey's son, had been killed at Munda, and Cæsar's triumph was in honour of the victory; I. i. 55.

Bloods; "young b.," young people; IV. iii. 262.

Bondman, used with a play upon "bond," *i.e.* document ("to cancel a bond"); I. iii. 101.

Bones, body, corpse; V. v. 78.

Bootless, without avail, to no purpose; III. i. 75.

Bosoms; "in their b.," in their confidence; V. i. 7.

Break with, broach the subject to; II. i. 150.

Bring, take; III. ii. 276.

Brother, i.e. brother-in-law (Cassius having married a sister of Brutus); II. i. 70.

Brought, accompanied; I. iii. 1.

Brutus; "old B.," *i.e.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; I. iii. 146 (*cp.* I. ii. 159).

——; "Decius B.," *i.e.* Decimus B. (the error being due to a misprint in Amyot's French translation of Plutarch, copied by North, and hence in Shakespeare); Decimus B. was placed next after Octavius in Cæsar's will; he had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul; I. iii. 148.

Budge, give way; IV. iii. 44.

Bustling rumour, noise of tumult; II. iv. 18.

By, near, close to; III. i. 162.

Calculate, speculate upon future events; I. iii. 65.

Calpurnia, Cæsar's fourth wife (Folio 1, "*Calphurnia*"); I. ii. 1.

Carrions, worthless beings (a term of contempt); II. i. 130.

Casca, I. ii. *passim* (*cp.* the accompanying coin issued by Brutus, the reverse of which commemorates his fellow-conspirator).

Cast; "c. yourself in wonder," *i.e.* throw yourself into wonder; (?) "dress hastily"; (Jervis conj. "*Case*," *i.e.* "encase, clothe yourself"); I. iii. 60.

Cautelous, crafty; II. i. 129.

Censure, judge; III. ii. 16.

Ceremonies, festal ornaments; I. i. 69.

——, religious observances; II. i. 197.

——, omens; II. ii. 13.

Chafing with, fretting against; I. ii. 101.

Chance, happen; II. iv. 31.

Chanced, happened; I. ii. 216.

Change, exchange; V. iii. 51.

——; "in his own c.," by some change of disposition towards me (Warburton, "*charge*"); IV. ii. 7.

——, change countenance; III. i. 24.

Charactery, writing; II. i. 308.

Charge, burden, weigh upon; III. iii. 2.

Charges, troops; IV. ii. 48.

Charm, conjure; II. i. 271.

Check'd, reproved; IV. iii. 97.

Chew upon, ponder; I. ii. 171.

Choler, anger; IV. iii. 39.

Chopped, chapped (Folios, "*choptt*"; Knight, "*chapped*"); I. ii. 245.

Chose, chosen; II. i. 314.

Clean, entirely; I. iii. 35.

Climate, region; I. iii. 32.

Close, hidden; I. iii. 131.

——, come to terms; III. i. 202.

Closet, room; III. ii. 134.

Cobbler, botcher (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.

Cognizance, badges of honours; II. ii. 89.

Colossus, a gigantic statue said to have stood astride at the entrance of the harbour at Rhodes; I. ii. 136.

Colour, pretext; II. i. 29.

Come by, get possession; II. i. 259.

Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); IV. iii. 138.

Compare, let us compare, we will compare; III. ii. 9.

Compass, circle, course; V. iii. 25.

Complexion, appearance; I. iii. 128.

Conceit, think of; III. i. 192.

Conceited, conceived; I. iii. 162.

Conceptions, ideas; I. ii. 41.

Concluded, decided; II. ii. 93.

Condition, disposition; II. i. 254.

Confines, boundaries; III. i. 272.

Conn'd by rote, learned by heart; IV. iii. 98.

Consorted, escorted; accompanied; V. i. 83.

Constancy, firmness; II. iv. 6.

Constant, firm; III. i. 22.

Constantly, firmly; V. i. 92.

Construe, explain; II. i. 307.

Content, easy; I. iii. 142.

Content, calm; IV. ii. 41.
——, glad; V. i. 8.
Contrive, conspire, plot; II. iii. 16.
Contriver, schemer, plotter; II. i. 158.
Controversy; "hearts of c.," spirits eager for resistance; I. ii. 109.
Corse, corpse; III. i. 199.
Couchings, stoopings; III. i. 36.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in calculations; IV. iii. 80.
Course; "run his c.," alluding to the course of the Luperci round the city wall; "that day there are diverse noble men's sons, young men, and some of them magistrates themselves, that govern them, which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leathern thongs" (made of the skins of goats which had been sacrificed)—*North's Plutarch*; I. ii. 4.
Courtesies, bowings, bendings of the knee; III. i. 36.
Cross lightning, forked lightning; I. iii. 50.
Cull out, pick out; I. i. 53.
Cynic, rude man; IV. iii. 133.

Damn, condemn; IV. i. 6.
Dearer, more bitterly, more intensely; III. i. 196.
Degrees, steps; II. i. 26.
Deliver, relate to; III. i. 181.
Dint, impression; III. ii. 198.
Directly, plainly; I. i. 12; III. iii. 10.
——, straight; I. ii. 3; IV. i. 32.
Discomfort, discourage; V. iii. 106.
Discover, show; I. ii. 69.
Dishonour, insult; IV. iii. 109.
Disrobe, strip of their decorations; I. i. 68.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 155.
Doublet, the inner garment of a man; I. ii. 267.
Doubted, suspected; IV. ii. 13.
Drachma, a Greek coin, strictly about half of the Roman denarius, but Plutarch's "drachmas" were probably equivalent to denarii, and were about 9½d. in value; III. ii. 247.
Drawn, assembled; I. iii. 22.

Element, sky; I. iii. 128.
Elephants betrayed with holes; "elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them were exposed"; II. i. 205.
Emulation, jealousy, envy; II. iii. 14.
Enforced, exaggerated; III. ii. 43.
——, struck hard; IV. iii. 112.
Enfranchisement, liberty, freedom; III. i. 57.
Enlarge, give vent to; IV. ii. 46.
Enrolled, recorded; III. ii. 41.
Ensign, standard; V. i. 80. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a coin of Augustus representing the ensigns of the 20th Legion, the central eagle being the Imperial standard.

Ensign, standard-bearer (and by implication, standard; hence "it," line 4); V. iii. 3.
Entertain, take into service; V. v. 60.
Envious, spiteful, malicious; II. i. 178; III. ii. 179.
Envy, hatred, malice; II. i. 164.
Epicurus; "I held E. strong," *i.e.* I followed the Epicurean school, which held that the gods scarcely troubled themselves with human affairs; hence the Epicureans regarded the belief in omens as mere superstition; V. iii. 77.
Erebus, the region of utter darkness; between Earth and Hades; II. i. 84.
Eternal, infernal, damned (used to express extreme abhorrence); I. ii. 160.
Even; "e. field," i.e. level ground; V. i. 17.
——, pure, unblemished; II. i. 133.
Ever, always; V. iii. 21.
Evils, evil things; II. i. 79.
Exhalations, meteors; II. i. 44.
Exigent, exigency, crisis; V. i. 19.
Exorcist, one who raises spirits; II. i. 323.
Expedition, march; IV. iii. 170.
Extenuated, undervalued, detracted from; III. ii. 42.
Extremities, extremes; II. i. 31.

Face, boldness; V. i. 10.
——; "f. of men," sense of danger depicted on men's faces; II. i. 114.
Faction, body of conspirators; II. i. 77.
Factious, active; I. iii. 118.
Fain, gladly; I. ii. 239.
Fall, happen; III. i. 243; V. i. 105.
——, let fall; IV. ii. 26.
Falling sickness, epilepsy; I. ii. 255.
Falls, turns out, is; III. i. 146.
Famed with, made famous by; I. ii. 153.
Familiar instances, marks of familiarity; IV. ii. 16.
Fantasies, imaginings; II. i. 231.
Fashion, shape, form; II. i. 30.
——, way, manner (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 135.
——; "begin his f.," begin to be fashionable with him; IV. i. 39.
——, work upon, shape; II. i. 220.
Favour, appearance; I. ii. 91.
——, countenance; II. i 76.
Favour's, appearance is; I, iii. 129,

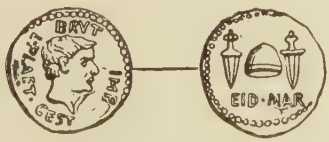
Fear, cause of fear; II. i. 190.
Fearful bravery, terrible display, gallant show of courage; V. i. 10.
Fell, fierce; III. i. 269.
Fellow, equal; III. i. 62.
Ferpet, red as the eyes of a ferret; I. ii. 186.
Field, army; V. v. 80.
Figures, "idle fancies" (Craik); II. i. 231.
First decree, what has been decreed at first (Craik conj. "*fix'd d.*"; S. Walker conj. "*firmd*"); III. i. 38.
Fleering, grinning; I. iii. 117.
Flood, ocean; I. ii. 103.
Flourish'd, triumphed; III. ii. 196.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 39.
For, as for; II. i. 181.
Force; "of f.," of necessity; IV. iii. 203.
Form, manner of behaving; I. ii. 302.
Formal constancy, proper composure; II. i. 227.
Former, foremost; V. i. 80.
Forth, to go out; I. ii. 292.
Forth of, out of; III. iii. 3.
Freedom of repeal, free recall; III. i. 54.
Fresh, freshly; II. i. 224.
Fret, variegate (as with a kind of fretwork pattern); II. i. 104.
——, be vexed; IV. iii. 42.
Frighted, afraid; IV. iii. 40.
From, contrary to; I. iii. 35.
——, away from; I. iii. 64; III. ii. 169; IV. ii. 49.
——, differently to; II. i. 196.
Funeral, funeral ceremonies; III. i. 230.

Gait, manner of walking; I. iii. 132.
Gamesome, fond of games; I. ii. 28.
General, general public; II. i. 12.
General; "in a g. honest thought," in the general honesty of his motives; V. v. 71.
General coffers, public treasury; III. ii. 94.
General good, public good, welfare of the people; I. ii. 85.
Genius, the rational spirit temporarily lodged within the body, directing for good or bad the bodily faculties; II. i. 66.
Give guess, guess; II. i. 3.
Give place, make way; III. i. 10.
——, give way; IV. iii. 146.
Gives way, leaves open the way; II. iii. 8.
Glanced, hinted; I. ii. 323.
Glazed, glared (Folios, "*glaz'd*"; changed by editors to "*glared*" or "*gazed,*" but the word was perhaps coined by Shakespeare to express a *glazed* or *glassy* stare); I. iii. 21.
Goes up, is sheathed; V. i. 52.
Good cheer, be of good cheer; III. i. 89.
Gorging, feeding, glutting; V. i. 82.
Go to, exclamation of impatience; IV. iii. 32.

Grace, honour, respect; III. ii. 62.
Gracious, holy; III. ii. 198.
Greek; "it was Greek to me," it was unintelligible to me; I. ii. 286.
Griefs, grievances; I. iii. 118; III. ii. 217.
Growing on, encroaching on; II. i. 107.

Hand; "my h.," there is my hand upon it; I. iii. 117.
Handiwork, work; I. i. 30.
Hands, handwritings; I. ii. 319.
Have aim, make a guess at; I. ii. 163.
Have mind, regard, look to; IV. iii. 36.
Havoc; "cry 'Havoc,'" in olden times the cry that no quarter was to be given; III. i. 273.
Head; "make h.," raise an armed troop; IV. i. 42.
Health, safety; IV. iii. 36.
Heavy, depressed; II. i. 275.
Hedge in, put under restraint; IV. iii. 30.
Hence, go hence; II. i. 117.
Hie, hasten; I. iii. 150.
High-sighted, soaring high, (?) supercilious; II. i. 118.
Hilts, applied to a single weapon; V. iii. 43.
Him, himself; I. iii. 156.
——; "by h.," *i.e.* by his house; II. i. 218.
His, its; I. ii. 124; II. i. 251; IV. iii. 8.
Hold, consider, look upon; I. ii. 78.
Hold, keep, detain; I. ii. 83; II. i. 201.
Holds on his rank, stands firm, continues to hold his place; III. i. 69.
Honey-heavy; "h. dew," heavy with honey (with perhaps a reference to the belief that dew was honey-laden; hence the honey-flowers); II. i. 230.
Honourable, honourably; V. i. 60.
Hooted, shouted with wonder (Johnson's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*howted*"; Folio 4, "*houted*"; Hanmer, "*shouted*"); I. ii. 244.
Hooting, crying; I. iii. 28.
Horse, cavalry; IV. ii. 29.
However, although; I. ii. 302.
Humour, distemper, caprice; II. i. 250.
——, distempered humour, passing caprice; IV. iii. 109.
Humours, damp airs; II. i. 262.
Hurtled, clashed; II. ii. 22.
Hybla, a town in Sicily famous for its honey; V. i. 34.

Ides of March, i.e. fifteenth of March; I. ii. 18. (*Cp.* the coin of Brutus, *reverse* Eid. Mar.).



Idle bed, bed of idleness; II. i. 117.

Illuminate, illumine; I. iii. 110.
Images, statues of Cæsar; I. i. 69.
In, on; IV. i. 27.
——, into; V. iii. 96.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 96.
Incorporate, closely united; I. iii. 135.
Indifferently, impartially; I. ii. 87.
Indirection, dishonest practice; IV. iii. 75.
Insuppressive, not to be suppressed; II. i. 134.
Intermit, delay; I. i. 59.

Jade, a term of contempt for a worthless horse; IV. ii. 26.
Jealous on, suspicious about; I. ii. 71.
Jigging, rhyming; IV. iii. 137.
Joy, rejoice; V. v. 34.

Kerchief, a covering for the head (a sign of illness); II. i. 315.
Kind, nature; I. iii. 64.
——, species; II. i. 33.
Knave, boy; IV. iii. 241

Labour'd; "but l.," laboured but; V. v. 42.
Labouring; "a l. day," *i.e.* a working day; I. i. 4.
Laugher, jester (Folios, "*Laughter*" ? = object of laughter); I. ii. 72.
Lay off, take away from; I. ii. 242.
Left, left off; IV. iii. 274.
Legions, bodies of infantry; IV. iii. 76.
Lend me your hand, help me; III. i. 297.
Let blood, used equivocally with a play upon the surgical operation of "blood-letting"; III. i. 152.
Lethe, death; perhaps a technical term for the deer's life-blood (Folio 1, "*Lethee*"; *cp.* lethal, L. *lethalis* or *letalis,* from *letum,* death); III. i. 206.
Liable, subject; II. ii. 104.
Lief; "had as l.," would as willingly, gladly (with a play upon "*live*"); I. ii. 95.
Lies, halts; III. i. 286.
Light, alight; V. iii. 31.
Light on, come down on; I. i. 59.
Like; "every l. is not the same," *i.e.* to be like a thing is not to be that same thing; II. ii. 127.
Like, same; IV. ii. 50.
——, likely; I. ii. 175.
Listen, listen to; IV. i. 41.
Live, if I live; III. i. 159.
Look, be sure, see; I. iii. 143.
Look for, expect; IV. iii. 262.
Lover, friend; II. iii. 10.
Low-crooked, lowly bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.
Lupercal; "the feast of L.," *i.e.* the Lupercalia; a feast of purification and fertilization held every year on 15th February (*v. course*); I. i. 71.
Lusty, strong; II. ii. 78.

Main, confident, firm; II. i. 196.
Make forth, go on, forward; V. i. 25.

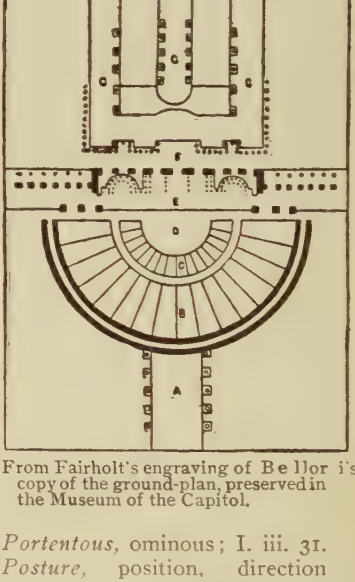
Makes to, presses towards; III. i. 18.
Make to, advance; V. iii. 29.
Mark, notice, observe; I. ii. 120.
Marr'd, disfigured; III. ii. 201.
Mart, traffic; IV. iii. 11.
May but, only may; I. iii. 144.
Me; "plucked me ope" (Ethic dative); I. ii. 266.
Mean, means; III. i. 161.
Mechanical, belonging to the working-classes, mechanics; I. i. 3.
Metal, mettle, temper (Folios, "*mettle*"); I. i. 65.
Mettle; "quick m.," full of spirit; I. ii. 300.
Mind, presentiment; III. i. 144.
Misgiving, presentiment, foreboding of ill; III. i. 145.
Mistook, mistaken; I. ii. 48.
Mock, taunt; II. ii. 96.
Modesty, moderation; III. i. 213.
Moe, more; II. i. 72.
Monstrous, unnatural; I. iii. 68, 71.
Mortal instruments, bodily powers; II. i. 66.
Mortified, deadened; II. i. 324.
Motion, impulse; II. i. 64.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 138.
Neats-leather, ox-hide; I. i. 29.
Nervii, a fierce Belgic tribe conquered by Cæsar at the great battle of Sambre, B.C. 57; III. ii. 177.
New-added, re-inforced; IV. iii. 209.
Nice, trivial; IV. iii. 8.
Niggard, stint, supply sparingly; IV. iii. 228.
Night-gown, dressing-gown; II. ii. (direc.).
Noted, stigmatized; IV. iii. 2.
No whit, not at all; II. i. 148.

Observe, take notice; IV. iii. 45.
Occupation; "a man of o.," a mechanic; probably used with play upon secondary meaning, "a man of business"; I. ii. 268.
O'ershot myself, gone too far, said more than I intended; III. ii. 155.
O'er-watch'd, weary, worn out with watching; IV. iii. 241.
Of, in; II. i. 157.
Offal, worthless rubbish; I. iii. 109.
Offence; "sick o.," malady which makes you sick; II. i. 268.
Offence, harm, injury; IV. iii. 201.
Officers; "by ill o.," the ill conduct of his officers (Johnson conj. "*offices*"); IV. ii. 7.
Omitted, neglected; IV. iii. 220.
Once, some time; IV. iii. 191.
Ope, open; I. ii. 266.
Opinion, reputation; II. i. 145.
Orchards, gardens; III. ii. 253.
Order, course; III. i. 230.
Orts, remnants, fragments; IV. i. 37.
Other, the other; I. ii. 229.
Out; "be not o.," do not be at odds, do not quarrel; I. i. 17.

Out; "be o.," out at heels; I. i. 18.

Palm, the prize of victory; I. ii. 131.
Palter, shuffle, equivocate; II. i. 126.
Pardon; "by your p.," by your leave; III. i. 235.
Part, divide; V. v. 81.
Pass, pass through; I. i. 47.
——, pass on; I. ii. 24.
Passion, feelings; I. ii. 48.
——, grief; III. i. 283.
Passions of some difference, conflicting emotions; I. ii. 40.
Path, walk abroad; II. i. 83.
Peevish, wayward (used contemptuously); V. i. 61.
Phantasma, vision; II. i. 65.
Philippi, in the east of Macedonia, on the borders of Thrace; V. i. 83.
Physical, healthy; II. i. 261.
Pitch, a technical term used of the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; I. i. 77.
Pitiful, full of pity, merciful; III. i. 169.
Pleasures, pleasaunces, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 255.
Pluck'd, pulled down; II. i. 73.
Plutus', of the god of riches (Folios, "*Pluto's*"); IV. iii. 102.
Pompey's porch (*Porticus Pompeii*), the portico of Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius; it was also called *Hecatostylon,* or "Hall of the hundred columns"; I. iii. 126.
Pompey's theatre; I. iii. 152. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Fairholt's engraving of Bellori's copy of the ground-plan, preserved in the Museum of the Capitol.

Portentous, ominous; I. iii. 31.
Posture, position, direction (Singer conj. "*puncture*"; Bulloch conj. "*portents*"; Schmidt conj. "*nature*"; Herr conj. "*powers*"); V. i. 33.
Powers, armed forces, troops; IV. i. 42; IV. iii. 307.
Prefer, present; III. i. 28.
——, recommend; V. v. 62.
Preformed, originally intended; I. iii. 67.
Pre-ordinance, what has been previously ordained; III. i. 38.

Presage, foreshow future events; V. i. 79.
Present, present time; I. iii. 165.
——, immediate; II. ii. 5.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 28.
Press, crowd, throng; I. ii. 15.
Prevail'd upon, influenced; II. i. 254.
Prevent, anticipate; II. i. 28; V. i. 105.
Prevention, detection; II. i. 85.
——, hindrance; III. i. 19.
Prick, incite; II. i. 124.
Prick'd, marked down, marked on the list; III. i. 216; IV. i. 1.
Proceeded, taken place; I. ii. 181.
——, acted; III. i. 183.
Proceeding, course of conduct; II. ii. 103.
Prodigious, portentous; I. iii. 77.
Produce, bring out; III. i. 228.
Profess myself, make professions of affection; I. ii. 77.
Proof; "common p.," common experience; II. i. 21.
Proper, handsome; I. i. 28.
——, own; V. iii. 96.
Proper to, belonging to; I. ii. 41.
Property, tool; IV. i. 40.
Protester, one who protests or professes love or friendship to another; I. ii. 74.
Public chair, the pulpit or *rostra*; III. ii. 68.
Puissant, powerful; III. i. 33.
Pulpits, rostra, platforms; III. i. 80.
Purgers, healers; I. i. 180.
Purpose; "to the p.," to hit the purpose; III. i. 146.
Put on, betray; II. i. 225.
Puts on, assumes; I. ii. 302.

Quality, natural disposition; I. iii. 64.
Question, subject; III. ii. 41.
Question; "call in q.," discuss, consider; IV. iii. 165.
Quick, lively; I. ii. 29.

Rabblement, rabble; I. ii. 244.
Raise, rouse; IV. iii. 247.
Range, roam (derived from falconry, used of hawks and falcons in search of game); II. i. 118.
Ranging, roaming; II. i. 270.
Rank, too full of blood; III. i. 152.
Rascal, worthless; IV. iii. 80.
Rears, raises; III. i. 30.
Regard, consideration; III. i. 224.
——, notice; V. iii. 21.
Regarded, respected; V. iii. 88.
Remorse, pity; II. i. 19.
Render'd, given in reply; II. ii. 97.
Repealing, recalling; III. i. 51.
Replication, echo; I. i. 50.
Resolved, satisfied; III. i. 131.
Respect; "of the best r.," held in the greatest respect; I. ii. 59.
——, take notice of; IV. iii. 69.
——; "in r. of," *i.e.* in comparison with; I. i. 10.

Rest, remain; V. i. 96.
Resting, not subject to motion; III. i. 61.
Retentive, restraining; I. iii. 95.
Rheumy, moist; II. i. 266.
Right on, straight on; III. ii. 227.
Rived, split, torn; I. iii. 6; IV. iii. 84.
Rome, used quibblingly with a play upon "room"; the pronunciation of the words was almost identical; I. ii. 156.
Round, rung; step; II. i. 24.
Rout, disorderly company, mob; I. ii. 78.
Rude, brutal; III. ii. 33.

Sad, serious; I. ii. 217.
Satisfied, given satisfaction, convinced; III. i. 141.
Save only, except; V. v. 69.
Saving, in saving; V. iii. 38.
Scandal, defame, speak ill of; I. ii. 76.
'Scaped, escaped; IV. iii. 150.
Schedule, paper written on (Folios 1, 2, "*scedule*"); III. i. 3.
Scope, full play; IV. iii. 108.
Search, pierce; V. iii. 42.
Security, over-confidence; II. iii. 8.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet, or trumpet; I. ii. 24-25.
Served, attended to; III. i. 8.
Set on, proceed; I. ii. 11.
——, set forward; IV. iii. 307.
Several, different; I. ii. 319.
——, special; II. i. 138.
——, separate; III. ii. 247.
Shadow, reflected image; I. ii. 58.
Shallows, sandbanks; IV. iii. 221.
Show, demonstration; I. ii. 34.
Shrewd, mischievous; II. i. 158.
Shrewdly, close enough (used with an intensive force); III. i. 146.
Sign'd, stamped, stained; III. i. 200.
Sirrah, a form of address to inferiors; IV. iii. 300.
Slaughter; "have added s.," have added another victim; V. i. 55.
Slight, worthless; IV. i. 12.
Slighted off, treated with contempt; IV. iii. 5.
Slip; "let s.," unleash; III. i. 273.
Smatch, smack, taste; V. v. 46.
So, if only; I. ii. 166.
Sober, calm; IV. ii. 40.
Softly, slowly; V. i. 16.
Soil, blemish; I. ii. 42.
Sometime, sometimes; II. i. 251.
Sooth, in sooth, in truth; II. iv. 20.
So please him, if it please him to; III. i. 140.
Sort, rank; I. i. 61.
——, way; I. ii. 205.
——; "in s.," in a manner, after a fashion; II. i. 283.
Spare, lean; I. ii. 201.
Speak to me, tell me; IV. iii. 281.
Speed, prosper; I. ii. 88.
Spleen, passion; IV. iii. 47.

Spoil; "sign'd in thy spoil," *i.e.* having the stains of thy blood as their badges; "spoil" was perhaps used in technical sense for the capture of the prey, and the division among those who have taken part in the chase; III. i. 206.

Stale, make common; I. ii. 73.

Staled, made stale or common; IV. i. 38.

Stand upon, trouble about; III. i. 100.

Stare, stand on end; IV. iii. 280.

Stars, fortunes, fates, alluding to the old belief in the *influence* of the stars under which men were born; I. ii. 140.

State, court; I. ii. 160.

——, state of things; I. iii. 71.

——, kingdom, microcosm; II. i. 67.

Statuë (trisyllabic); II. ii. 76; *"at the base of Pompey's statue"*; III. ii. 192.

Stay, wait; I. iii. 125.

——, await; V. i. 107.

Stays, detains, keeps; II. ii. 75.

Sterile curse, the curse of being barren; I. ii. 9.

Still, always; I. ii. 245.

Stir, stirring; I. iii. 127.

Stirr'd, stirring; II. ii. 110.

Stole, stolen; II. i. 238.

Stomachs, inclination; V. i. 66.

Stood on, regarded, attached any importance to; II. ii. 13.

Strain, race; V. i. 59.

Strange-disposed, strangely disposed; I. iii. 33.

Strength of malice (*v.* Note); III. i. 174.

Stricken, struck; II. i. 192.

Strucken, struck (Folio 1, *"stroken"*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"stricken"*); III. i. 209.

Suburbs, outskirts (with probably an allusion to the fact that the suburbs in London and other cities were the general resort of disorderly persons); II. i. 285.

Success, good fortune; II. ii. 6.

——, issue; V. iii. 66.

Sudden, quick; III. i. 19.

Sufferance, patience; I. iii. 84.

——, suffering; II. i. 115.

Surest, most safely; IV. i. 47.

Surly, sullenly; I. iii. 21.

Pompey's Statue.
From a drawing by Fairholt.

Sway; "the s. of earth," equilibrium (? "the government and established order of the earth," Schmidt); I. iii. 3.
Swear, let swear; II. i. 129.
Swore, caused to take an oath; V. iii. 38.
Swound, swoon; I. ii. 252.
Swounded, swooned (Folios, "*swoonded*"); I. ii. 249.

Tag-rag people, the common people, rabble; I. ii. 259.
Take thought, give way to melancholy; II. i. 187.
Tardy, slow, laggard; I. ii. 302.
Taste, sort, way; IV. i. 34.
Temper, constitution; I. ii. 129.
Tenour, contents; IV. iii. 171.
Tent; IV. iii. 246. (The annexed examples of Roman tents of the time of Julius Cæsar are from ancient basreliefs at Rome.)

Thasos, an Island in the Ægean, off the coast of Thrace (Folios, "*Tharsus*"); V. iii. 104.
That, suppose that done; II. i. 15.
Then, in that case; V. i. 100.
These and these, such and such; II. i. 31.
Thews, muscles, strength; I. iii. 81.
Thick, dim, short-sighted; V. iii. 21.
This; "by this," *i.e.* by this time, now; I. iii. 125.
Threat, threaten; V. i. 38.
Thunder-stone, thunderbolt; I. iii. 46.
Tiber banks, the banks of the Tiber; I. i. 62.
Tide of times, course of times; III. i. 257.
Time of life, full period of life; V. i. 106.
Time's abuse, abuses of the time; II. i. 115.
Tinctures, memorial bloodstains; II. ii. 89.
'Tis just, just so, exactly; I. ii. 54.
To friend, for our friend, as our friend; III. i. 143.
Toils, snares, nets; II. i. 206.
To-night, last night; II. ii. 76.
Took, taken; II. i. 50.
Trash, rubbish, worthless stuff; I. iii. 108.
Trophies, tokens of victory; I. i. 73.
True, honest; I. ii. 262.
Turn him going, send him off; III. iii. 38.

Unbraced, unbuttoned; I. iii. 48; II. i. 262.
Undergo, undertake; I. iii. 123.
Underlings, serfs, mean fellows; I. ii. 141.

Unfirm, not fixed, not firm; I. iii. 4.
Ungently, unkindly; II. i. 237.
Unicorns; "u. may be betrayed with trees"; alluding to the belief that unicorns were captured by the huntsman standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged; its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast; II. i. 204.
Unluckily, foreshowing misfortune ominously; III. iii. 2.
Unmeritable, undeserving; IV. i. 12.
Unpurged; "u. air," *i.e.* unpurged by the sun; II. i. 266.
Unshaked of; "u. o. motion," *i.e.* undisturbed by any motion; III. i. 70.
Untrod; "this u. state," *i.e.* this new state of affairs; III. i. 136.
Upmost, uppermost, topmost; II. i. 24.
Upon; "u. a heap," in a heap, crowded all together; I. iii. 23.
——, in intruding upon; II. i. 86.
——, conditionally upon; III. i. 221.
——; "u. a wish," as soon as wished for; III. ii. 271.
——, in consequence of, from; IV. iii. 152.
Use, custom; II. ii. 25.
——; "did u.," were accustomed; I. ii. 72.
Vaunting, boasting; IV. iii. 52.
Ventures, what we have ventured, risked; IV. iii. 224.
Vesture, garment; III. ii. 200.
Voice, vote; III. i. 177.
Void, open; II. iv. 36.
Vouchsafe, vouchsafe to accept; II. i. 313.
Vulgar, common herd, common people; I. i. 74.

Wafture, waving; II. i. 246.
Warn, summon; V. i. 5.
Waspish, petulant; IV. iii. 50.
Weep, shed; I. i. 62.
Weighing, taking into consideration; II. i. 108.
Well, in a friendly way; IV. ii. 6.
Well given, well disposed; I. ii. 197.
What; "what night," *i.e.* what a night; I. iii. 42.
——!, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 1.
When, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 5.
Where, when; I. ii. 59.
Whet, instigate; II. i. 61.
Whether (monosyllabic; Folios, "*where*"); I. i. 65.
Who, the man who; I. iii. 120.
——, which; V. i. 83.
Whole, well, healthy; II. i. 327.
Wind, turn, wheel; IV. i. 32.
Wit, intelligence (so Folio 2; Folio 1, "*writ*"); III. ii. 225.
With, by; I. iii. 83; III. i. 42; III. ii. 201.

With a thought, quick as thought; V. iii. 19.

From a brass coin of Augustus, struck for use in Cæsarea Augusti, a city of Phœnicia.

Wives, women; III. i. 97.
Woe the while! alas the time!; I. iii. 82.
Word; "at a w.," at his word; I. ii. 269.
World, condition of affairs; I. ii. 310.
Worthless, unworthy; V. i. 61.
Wreath of victory; V. iii. 82. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Yearns, grieves (Folios 1, 2, 3, *"earnes"*; Folio 4, *"earns"*); II. ii. 128.
Yet, still; II. i. 245.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 25. '*with awl. I*'; Folios, '*withal I*'; the correction was made by Farmer.

I. ii. 19. The line is evidently to be read thus:—

"A soothsay'r bids you 'ware the ides of March."

I. ii. 79, 80. '*I do fear the people choose Cæsar for their king.*' (*Cp.* the annexed copy of a silver denarius struck when Cæsar assumed the title of Perpetual Dictator.)

I. ii. 155. '*walls*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*walkes.*'

I. ii. 255. '*'Tis very like: he hath*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*'Tis very like he hath.*'

I. ii. 318. '*He should not humour me*'; *i.e.* 'he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him'; others take 'he' to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humour me, so as to make me forget my principles."

I. iii. 30. '*These are their reasons*'; Jervis conj. '*These have their seasons*'; Collier MS., '*These are the seasons.*'

I. iii. 65. '*Why old men fool and*'; Mitford conj.; Folios, '*Why old men, Fools, and*'; Blackstone conj. '*Why old men fools, and.*'

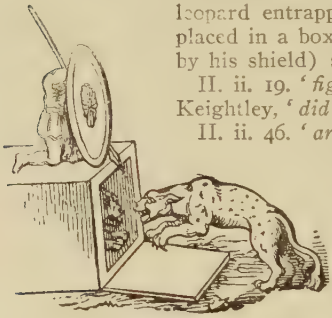
I. iii. 129. '*In favour's like*'; Johnson reads '*In favour's, like*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Is Fauors, like*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Is Favours, like*'; Rowe, '*Is feav'rous, like*'; Capell, '*Is favour'd like*'; etc., etc.

II. i. 40. '*the ides of March*'; Theobald's correction of Folios, '*the first of March.*'

II. i. 83. '*For if thou path, thy native semblance on*'; so Folio 2; Folios 1, 3, 4, '*For if thou path thy . . .*'; Pope, '*For*

if thou march, thy . . .'; Singer *conj.* '*For if thou put'st thy . . .*,' etc.; but there is no need to improve on the reading of Folio 2.

II. i. 204, 5. '*unicorns may be betray'd with trees and bears with glasses . . .*'" The passage receives a curious illustration from a painting in the sepulchre of the Nasonian family on the Flaminian way near Rome. It represents a leopard entrapped by its reflection in a mirror placed in a box upon which the hunter (hidden by his shield) stands with his spear."



II. ii. 19. '*fight*'; so Folios; Dyce, '*fought*'; Keightley, '*did fight.*'

II. ii. 46. '*are*'; Upton conj.; Folios 1, 2, '*heare*'; Folios 3, 4, '*hear*'; Rowe, '*heard*'; Theobald, '*were.*'

III. i. 39. '*law of children*'; Johnson's emendation of Folios, '*lane of children*'; Steevens conj. '*line of c.*'; Mason conj. '*play of c.*' Mr. Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains '*lane*' in the sense of 'narrow conceits'; he compares the following lines from Jonson's *Staple of News*:—

> "*A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell*
> *All in a lane.*"

III. i. 47, 48. '*Know, Cæsar, doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied*'; there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva* or *Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking of his love for Shakespeare on this side of idolatry, expresses a wish "that he had blotted more." "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause*,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these refer-

ences it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"METELLUS. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*
CÆSAR. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,*
Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

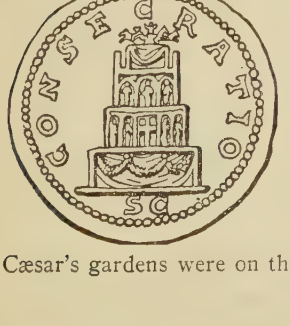
It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare, or by his editors.

III. i. 77. '*Et tu, Brute*'; according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, '*O vile traitor, Casca, what dost thou?*' Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek:—"*καὶ σὺ τεκνον*," *i.e.* '*and thou, too, my son,*' The words '*Et tu, Brute,*' proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar*:—(i) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsaris interfecti*, 1582; (ii) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, 1595; (iii) *Acolastus, his Afterwitte*, 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, these lines occur:—

"*O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;*
And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

III. i. 105-110. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.

III. i. 174. '*in strength of malice*'; so Folios; Pope, '*exempt from malice*'; Capell, '*no strength of malice*'; Seymour, '*reproof of malice*'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, '*in strength of welcome*'; Badham conj. '*unstring their malice,*' etc. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but '*in strength of malice*' may mean 'in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny,' and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.



III. i. 262. '*limbs of men*'; so Folios; Hanmer, '*kind of men*'; Johnson conj. '*lives of*' or '*lymmes of men*'; Jackson, '*imps of men*'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, '*loins of men*'; Bulloch, '*limbs of Rome,*' etc.

III. ii. 254. '*On this side Tiber*'; Theobald proposed '*that*' for '*this.*' Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare

followed North's *Plutarch*, and North merely translated the words in Amyot.

III. ii. 259. '*We'll burn his body in the holy place.*' *Cp.* the illustration on page 133, from a brass coin struck in honour of M. Aurelius after his death in 180 A.D., exhibiting on the reverse the funeral pile of four stories high used at his consecration.

IV. i. 37. '*abjects, orts*'; Staunton's reading; Theobald, '*abject orts*'; Folios, '*Obiects, Arts*'; Becket conj. '*abject arts*'; Gould conj. '*objects, orts.*'

IV. i. 44. '*our means stretch'd*'; Folio 1, '*our meanes stretcht*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*and our best meanes stretcht out*'; Johnson, '*our best means stretcht*'; Malone, '*our means stretch'd to the utmost.*'

IV. ii. 50, 52. Craik's suggestion that '*Lucilius*' and '*Lucius*' have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.

IV. iii. 129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer":—

> "*My lords I pray you hearken both to me,*
> *For I have seen more years than suchie three.*"
> (North's *Plutarch*).

IV. iii. 133. '*vilely*'; so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, '*vildely*'; Folio 3, '*vildly.*'

V. i. 20. '*I will do so,*' *i.e.* 'I will do as you wish, and keep on the left'; according to some editors, the words may mean 'I will not wrangle, but will have my way.'

V. i. 53. '*three and thirty*'; Theobald, '*three and twenty*' (the number given in *Plutarch*).

V. iii. 99. '*The last*'; Rowe unnecessarily suggested, '*Thou last*'; but *cp.* North's *Plutarch*, "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."

V. v. 33. '*Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen.*'

V. v. 71. '*in a general honest thought And*'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads '*in a generous honest thought Of.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

35. *his triumph*:—Cæsar's fifth and last triumph. He had returned a few months before from Spain, having there defeated Pompey's sons at the battle of Munda, which was fought March 17, B.C. 45.

36 *et seq.* "It is evident from the opening scene," says Campbell, "that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire.'"

49. The Tiber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males. Old English usage is not uniform.

73. *Cæsar's trophies*:—A passage in the next Scene (lines 287-289) shows what these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that *Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.*

Scene II.

6-9. *Forget not,* etc.:—This passage is founded on the following from North's *Plutarch*: "At that time the feast Lupercalia

was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepheards or heardsmen. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and put forth their hands to be stricken; perswading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive. Cæsar sate to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chaire of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ranne this holy course."

19. Coleridge remarks: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech." Plutarch supplied the basis of the passage, thus: "There was a certaine Soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, which is the fifteenth of the month, for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merily unto the Soothsayer, told him the Ides of March be come. So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past."

66. *Therefore, good Brutus,* etc.:—Here Craik remarks that "the eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of."

86, 87. *Set honour,* etc.:—Coleridge makes this following comment: "Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things, the public good, the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death."

122. *His coward lips,* etc.:—This is oddly expressed; but a quibble, alluding to a cowardly soldier flying from his colours, was intended.

147. *Brutus will start a spirit*:—Here *spirit* is doubtless meant to be pronounced as a monosyllable, and perhaps should be so printed.

163. *some aim*:—So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 28: "But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err." So too in various other places.

174. *As*, according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that, which,* or *it*: accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon also in his *Apothegms*: "One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?"

195. *He thinks too much*:—So in North's *Plutarch*, "Life of Julius Cæsar": "Cæsar had Cassius in jelousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What wil Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them, 'As for those fat men, and smooth-combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carion-leane people, I feare them most'; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

228-230. Plutarch's best account of this incident is given in the *Life of Antonius*: "The Romaines celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparalled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the old customes of that solemnity, ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and caried a laurell crowne in his hand, having a royall band or diademe wreathed about it, which was the ancient marke and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow runners lift him up, and so he put the laurell crowne upon his head, signifying thereby that he deserved to be king. But Cæsar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they al clapped their hands for joy. Antonius againe did put it on his head; Cæsar againe refused it: and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurel crowne unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft as Cæsar refused it, al the people together clapped their hands."

267-273. *a man of any occupation . . . his infirmity*:—See *Coriolanus*, IV. vi. 97, 98: "The voice of *occupation* and the breath of garlic-eaters!" Casca means, if he had been one of the plebeians to whom Cæsar offered his throat. The Poet here borrows an incident that is related by Plutarch as having taken

place on another occasion some time before the offering Cæsar the crown in public: "When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majestie, disdaining to rise up unto them, when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate but the people also, to see that he should so lightly esteeme of the magistrates: insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home to his house, and, tearing open his dublet-coller making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill, when standing on their feete they speake to the people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse."

288, 289. *for pulling scarfs*, etc.:—This is related in Plutarch thus: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diademes upon their heads, like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled downe; and furthermore, meeting with them that saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and brought the kingdome of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fooles."

312, 313. *Thy honourable metal . . . disposed*:—The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its *disposition*, or what it is disposed *to*.

Scene III.

3 *et seq.* Plutarch, in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, gives the follow-lowing account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also

the solitary birds to be seen at noon daies sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had bene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt."

49. *thunder-stone*:—This, according to Craik, "is the imaginary product of the thunder, which the ancients called *Brontia*, mentioned by Pliny as a species of gem, and as that which, falling with the lightning, does the mischief. It is the fossil commonly called the Belemnite, or Finger-stone, and now known to be a shell. We still talk of the *thunder-bolt*, which, however, is commonly confounded with the lightning." The *thunder-stone* was held to be quite distinct from the lightning, as may be seen from *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 270, 271:—

> *Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,
> *Arv.* Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.

It is also alluded to in *Othello*, V. ii. 234, 235:—

> "Are there no stones in heaven
> But what serve for the thunder?"

75. *lion in the Capitol*:—"Roars in the Capitol as doth the lion," explains Craik. It is hardly necessary to suppose, as Wright does, that the Poet imagined lions kept in the Capitol, as in the Tower of London.

114. *My answer must be made*:—Johnson explains this passage thus: "I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

10 *et seq.* "This speech," says Coleridge, "is singular; at least I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus's character to appear. For, surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed

to him; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! . . . What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?"

21-27. *'tis a common proof*, etc.:—Daniel, in his *Civil Wars*, the first four books of which were published in 1595, puts a similar thought into the mouth of Richard when on the point of being deposed by Bolingbroke:—

> "Th' aspirer, once attain'd unto the top,
> Cuts off those means by which himself got up;
> And with a harder hand and straiter rein
> Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
> Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:
> His own example makes him fear the more."

46. *et seq.* This passage is based upon the following from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "But, for Brutus, his friends and countrimen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bils also, did openly call him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out of Rome, they wrote, 'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and againe,—'That thou wert here among us now!' His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bils: 'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!'"

66-69. "By instruments," says Blakeway, "I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes and hands his speculative and active instruments. So intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime, he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings produced by the firmness of the soul, contending with the secret misgivings of the body; during which the mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, 'crushed by one overwhelming image'; is finely compared to a phantasm of a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection."

70. Cassius had married Junia, the *sister* of Brutus; hence the former is here spoken of as the latter's *brother.*

119. *by lottery*:—Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, that is, the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment. The meaning probably is, by chance or the caprice of the tyrant.

218. *go along by him*:—That is, by his house; make that your way home.

233. [*Enter Portia.*] The matter of the following noble dialogue is thus delivered in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "His wife Porcia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus maried, being his cousin; not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus. This ladie, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise; because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some proofe by herselfe; tooke a litle razour, and, causing her women to go out of her chamber, gave herselfe a great gash withall in her thigh; and incontinently after a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then, perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and could take no rest, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I, being, O Brutus! the daughter of Cato, was maried unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion at board onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now, for thyselfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee? I confesse that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet good education and the company of vertuous men have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And, for myselfe, I have this benefite, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. Notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things, until now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me.' With these words, shee shewed him the wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herselfe. Brutus was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him; and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

315. *To wear a kerchief*:—Shakespeare has given to the Romans the manners of his own time. It was a common practice

in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads. So in Fuller's *Worthies of Cheshire*: "If any there be sick, they make him a posset and *tye a kerchief on his head*; and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

Scene II.

7. [*Enter Calpurnia.*] Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* has furnished the basis of the following dialogue: "Cæsar self also, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no hart; and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certaine letters, as he was wont to do, at the board: so, talk falling out amongst them what death was best, he cried out aloud, 'Death unlooked for.' Then, going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doores of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid; but more, when he heard his wife, being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches; for she dreamed that Cæsar was slaine, and that she had him in her armes. Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doores that day, but to adjourne the session of the Senate until another day: and that, if he made no reckoning of her dreame, yet he would search further of the soothsaiers, to know what should happen him that day. It seemed that Cæsar likewise did feare or suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any feare or superstition. When the soothsaiers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them; then he determined to send Antonius to adjourne the session of the Senate."

13. *I never stood on ceremonies*:—Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens.

24. *ghosts did shriek*, etc.:—Compare *Hamlet*, I. i. 113-120.

31. This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games instituted by Augustus in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods: his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented. There is a curious old anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, who, "being dis-

suaded from looking on a comet, with a courage equal to the greatness of her state caused the windowe to be sette open, and said, *Jacta est alea*—the dice are thrown."

32, 33. So in Plutarch: "When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent, but said it was better to die once, than alwayes to be afraid of death."

76. *statuë*:—In Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua*, as in his *Advancement of Learning*: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuas* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in III. ii. 192. "Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*." Many editions print *statua* in both places.

104. *reason to my love is liable*:—That is, reason, or propriety of speech and conduct, stands second, gives way to my love. This scene is taken very literally from Plutarch: "In the meane time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his heire; and yet was he of the conspiracie with Brutus and Cassius. He, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourne the session that day the conspiracie would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled; and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaime him king of all his provinces of the Empire out of Italy, and that he should weare his diademe in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, if any man should tel them from him they should depart for that present time, and return againe when Calpurnia should have better dreames, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends words? And who could perswade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and him tyrannicall in himselfe? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourselfe in person, and, saluting the Senate, dismisse them til another time. Therewithall he took Cæsar by the hand and brought him out of his house."

Scene III.

In this Scene the Poet has followed Plutarch very closely: "One Artemidorus, born in the ile of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of al their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said, 'Cæsar, reade this memoriall to yourselfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly:' Cæsar took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but, holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate-house."

Scene IV.

In Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* the incident of this Scene is related as follows: "In the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post hast unto him, and told him his wife was dying. For Porcia, being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind, could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with every little noyse and crie she heard: asking every man that came from the market-place what Brutus did, and sending messenger after messenger, to know what newes. At length, Cæsars comming being prolonged, Porciaes weaknesse was not able to hold out any longer; and thereupon shee sodainly swounded, that she had no leysure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the middest of her house. Howbeit, she soone came to herselfe againe, and so was layd in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieved him; yet he left not off the care of his countrie, neither went to his house for any newes he heard."

42, 43. *Brutus hath a suit*, etc.:—These words Portia addresses to Lucius to deceive him by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

77. *Et tu, Brute?*—"There is no ancient Latin authority, I believe," says Craik, "for this famous exclamation, although in Suetonius, i. 82, Cæsar is made to address Brutus Καὶ σὺ, τέκνον (And thou too, my son?). It may have occurred as it stands here in the Latin play on the same subject which is recorded to have been acted at Oxford in 1582; and it is found in *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, first printed in 1595, on which 3 *Henry VI.* is founded, as also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled *Acolastus his Afterwit*, printed in 1600, in both of which nearly contemporary productions we have the same line—'*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?'" But Stokes declares that it *is* in the Latin play of 1582.

116-118. *So oft . . . liberty*:—There is nothing in the play more puzzling to us than this and the two preceding speeches. It seems as though the Poet either committed a great oversight in making his heroes talk thus, or else meant it as a very significant and characteristic passage. Did he mean to indicate a sort of sentimental hanging and brooding over their own virtue, to suck out of it self-solacement and self-assurance of fame, such as might naturally grow from making patriotism the special purpose and profession of their lives?

177, 178. *Your voice*, etc.:—Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

207, 208. *O world . . . of thee*:—Coleridge strongly maintained that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see that they never were in it. He adds: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise out of some word in the lines before, but also lead on to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." But the same and similar quibbles

are too frequent in Shakespeare to allow of our accepting fully the great critic's opinion.

262. By *men* Antony means not mankind in general. The scope of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, *the parts of Italy,* and *in these confines.*

289. A play is here intended, as in I. ii. 156, on the words *Rome* and *room.*

Scene II.

4. *part the numbers*:—That is, as Craik explains, divide the multitude.

13 *et seq.* In this celebrated speech, which, to a critical taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or anything else, the Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. To quote from North's *Plutarch*: "They do note that, in some of his Epistles, he counterfeited that briefe compendious maner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As, when the war was begun, he wrot to the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given Dolabella money: if you have done it willingly, you confesse you have offended me; if against your wils, shew it by giving me willingly.' Another time unto the Samians: 'Your counsels be long, your doings be slow; consider the end.' And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patareians: 'The Xanthians, despising my good wil, have made their country a grave of despaire; and the Patareians, that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore, whilest you have liberty, either chuse the judgement of the Patareians or the fortune of the Xanthians.' These were Brutus maner of letters, which were honoured for their briefnesse." And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus,* ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus's style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum.* For, as Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum,* the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."

79. *bury*:—"Shakespeare," says Wright, "was no doubt thinking of his own time and country. The custom of burning the dead had not been in use in Rome very long before the time of Cæsar."

80, 81. Compare this with the passage in *Henry VIII.,* IV. ii, 45:—

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

193. *ran blood*:—The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. The words are from North's *Plutarch*: "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain."

Scene III.

The matter of this Scene is taken from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was alway one of Cæsars chiefest friends. He dreamed, the night before, that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to goe, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great darke place, where, being marvellously affraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dreame put him all night into a feaver, and yet, the next morning, when he heard that they caried Cæsars body to burial, and being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himselfe into the prease of the common people, that were in a great uprore. And because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people, thinking he had been that Cinna who, in an oration he made, had spoken very evill of Cæsar, falling upon him in their rage, slue him outright in the market-place.

2. The Poet may mean that many things besides his dream of the feast charge his fancy unluckily. Steevens remarks, "I learn from an old black-letter book on Fortune-telling, etc., that to dream 'of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune.'" It were better, White thinks, had Steevens given his authority here as well as elsewhere.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*A house in Rome.*] The place of this Scene is not marked in the original, but is shown to be at Rome, by Lepidus's being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he will find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol." In fact, however, the triumvirs did not

meet at Rome to settle the proscription, but on a little island in the river Rhenus (Reno), near Bononia, the present Bologna. The Poet most likely knew this, as he must have read in Plutarch how "all three met together in an island environed round about with a little river."

4. *Publius*:—Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius*. Thus in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*: "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus."

48, 49. *we are at the stake*, etc.:—An allusion to bear-baiting. So in *Macbeth*, V. vii.:—

> "They have tied me to a *stake*; I cannot fly,
> But bear-like I must fight the course."

Scene II.

5. *To do you salutation*:—A common form of expression. So in *Richard III.*, V. iii. 209, 210: "The early village-cock hath twice *done salutation* to the morn."

16. *instances*:—This, according to Dyce, "is a word used by Shakespeare with various shades of meaning, which it is not always easy to distinguish—'motive, inducement, cause, ground; symptom, prognostic; information, assurance; proof, example, indication.'" Here it is explained by Craik as *assiduities*, and by Schmidt as *proofs of familiarity*.

23. *hot at hand*:—"That is," says Craik, "apparently, when held by the hand, or led; or rather, perhaps, when acted upon only by the rein." Hudson explains it as meaning "horses spirited or mettlesome when held back, or restrained." See the following passage in *Henry VIII.*, V. iii. 21-24:—

> "Those that tame wild horses
> Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
> But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
> Till they obey the manage."

Scene III.

The last Scene is supposed to pass outside of Brutus's tent, into which he invites Cassius in his last speech but one. But in

the Folio, where the divisions of the scenes are not indicated in this play, the simple direction is, "*Exeunt* [Lucilius, Titinius, Lucius, etc.] *Manent Brutus and Cassius.*" The audients were plainly to suppose a change of scene here.

20, 21. This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

32. *To make conditions*:—To decide on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

156. *swallow'd fire*:—So in North's *Plutarch*: "And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herselfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to keepe her from it), tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herselfe. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sicke, they wold not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herself, chusing to die rather than to languish in paine."

194. *in art*:—That is, in *theory* as opposed to practice.

252. *book*:—This characteristic little incident of the book was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*. It makes a part of the account there given of the apparition: "As they prepared to passe over out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilest he was in the warre, and his head over-busily occupied to thinke of his affaires and what would happen, having slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and, after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains and colonels did use to come to him."

274. [*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*] In Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* this apparition is not spoken of as the *ghost* of Cæsar, but only as "a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him." The point is of little moment, save as showing the

Poet's care to make the most out of his materials. In the *Life of Julius Cæsar* he had the following: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus, being ready to passe over his armie from the city, slept every night in his tent; and, being yet awake, thinking of his affaires, he thought he heard a noise at his tent-doore, and, looking towards the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnesse and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But, when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, 'I am thy ill angell, Brutus, and thou shall see me by the city of Phillippes.' Then Brutus replied, 'Well, I shall see thee then.' Therewithall the spirit presently vanished. After that time, Brutus being neare unto the city of Phillippes, this spirit appeared againe unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himselfe to all hazard in battel, but yet, fighting could not be slaine."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

4. *battles*:—The propriety of this term, used in the plural for forces, armies, appears when it is remembered that Cassius and Brutus had each an army, or division. Compare *Henry V.*, IV. Prologue, 9: "Each *battle* sees the other's umber'd face."

14. *Their bloody sign of battle*:—So in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "The next morning by break of day, the Signall of Battell was set out in Brutus and Cassius Camp, which was an arming Scarlet Coat."

19. *Exigent*:—For the only other use of this word for *exigency*, see *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. 63: "When the *exigent* should come." In a single other instance only does Shakespeare use the word, and there (1 *Henry VI.*, II. v. 8, 9) it means *end*:—

> "These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
> Wax dim, as drawing to their *exigent*."

33. *The posture*, etc.:—Here *are* should be *is*, in agreement with the nominative *posture*. Hudson remarks that "more correct writers than Shakespeare have committed this error, where

a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although such noun be not the subject of the verb."

111-113. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his former speech; but there is no real one. Brutus had laid down to himself, as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. The passage seems designed to indicate a struggle between the speculative and the practical in the mind of Brutus. Experience is at length growing too strong for his philosophy; and he here wavers between his cherished ideal of right and the suggestions of a pressing exigency. But what shall we say of the remark with which he closes his oration showing "the reason of our Cæsar's death"? He there says, "I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Were these discrepancies or variations of temper and purpose intended by the Poet as a part of Brutus's character, or were they mere slips of memory in Shakespeare?

Scene III.

20. Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on.

31. *Now some light*:—White and Hudson print *'light*, but, as Rolfe points out, "the word (A. S. *lihtan*) is not a contraction of *alight*, and is common enough in prose."

43. *hilts*:—This plural for hilt was common in Shakespeare's time. So in *Richard III.*, I. iv. 155: "*Hilts* of thy sword." Shakespeare applies *hilts* to a single weapon five times, and three times he has *hilt*.

61. *Sink to night*:—Craik takes this "to be an expression of the same kind with *sink to rest*," a far nobler sense, as he observes, than that given by those who print, as some do, *to-night*.

105. *His funerals*:—The plural was the commoner form in Shakespeare's day, and is generally used by him. For an example of this use see the first note under III. iii. of this play.

Scene V.

19. *And this last night*, etc.:—So Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*: "The second Battell being at hand, this Spirit appeared again

unto him, but spake never a word." We read in the *Life of Brutus*: "The Romans called the Valley between both Camps the Philippian Fields."

68-70. *This was the noblest Roman*, etc.:—Plutarch, in the *Life of Brutus*, declares: "It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain Cæsar, there was none but Brutus onely that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of it self: but that all the other Conspiratours did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him."

73-75. *His life was gentle*, etc.:—There is a likeness between this passage and one in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, which appears in this form in the edition of 1603:—

> "Such one he was (of him we boldly say)
> In whose rich soule all sovereign powers did sute,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mixt*, as none could sovereigntie impute;
> As all did gouerne, yet all did obey,
> His liuely temper was so absolute,
> That't seem'd, when Heaven his modell first began,
> In him it shew'd *perfection in a man*."

This stanza appeared unaltered in four subsequent editions; but in a fifth, in 1619, it was given with the following slight variations:—

> "He was a man (then boldly dare to say,)
> In whose rich Soule the Virtues well did sute:
> In whom, *so mix'd the Elements all lay*,
> That none to one could Sou'reigntie impute;
> As all did gouerne, so did all obay;
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to shew *all that might be in Man*."

In the original version of *The Barons' Wars* (1596), which Drayton entirely recast before 1603, there is no trace of this stanza. From these facts Malone concluded that "Drayton was the copyist [of Shakespeare] as his verses originally stood," and that "in the altered stanza he certainly was." But even if the likeness between the passages in question must necessarily be the consequence of imitation on the part of one poet, it would not follow

that Drayton was the copyist, for we know that Shakespeare was ready enough to take a hint or even a thought from any quarter. But this resemblance implies no imitation on either side. For the notion that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the well-balanced mixture of these produced the perfection of humanity, was commonly held during the sixteenth, and the first half, at least, of the seventeenth century, the writers of which period worked it up in all manner of forms. See Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, II. iii.: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency." Many other resemblances quite as striking occur in the use of this idea. It is not improbable that Drayton, in correcting his poem again for the edition of 1619, changed "Heaven his model first began" to "*Nature* him began" with the passage from *Julius Cæsar*, consciously or unconsciously, in mind.

Questions on Julius Caesar.

1. What was the date at which *Julius Cæsar* was probably written?

2. Where did Shakespeare derive the materials for this play?

3. How many days are taken up by the action?

ACT FIRST.

4. How is the popular worship of Cæsar shown by the first Scene? What is the attitude of the tribunes towards him?

5. What was the nature of the office of tribune in the Roman state?

6. How does the mob pictured in this play contrast with the one in *Coriolanus*?

7. What was the *course* (ii. 4.) that Antony was to run?

8. What part of Cæsar's nature is seen in his words to Calpurnia? What effect have the words of the Soothsayer upon him?

9. In what character is Brutus first presented? What phase of his own character does Cassius try to impress in lines 71-78?

10. What is the problem that the career of Cæsar presents to Cassius? What does Cassius wish to illustrate by the incidents of the flood and the fever? What is Cassius's personal motive?

11. Indicate the effect of the shouting upon Brutus.

12. What is the dramatic purpose (line 192 *et seq.*) of Cæsar's singling out Cassius for comment? What does he say of him? Why should these two natures be antipathetic?

13. What observation of the returning procession does Brutus make that prepares for the recital of Casca?

14. With what is Cæsar chargeable in this Scene? Show the difference between treason and revolution as illustrated by the scene that Casca describes.

15. What effect has Sc. ii. in predisposing the minds of the spectators?

16. What is the effect (Sc. iii.) of the supernatural background for the conspiracy?

17. Show what else besides the winning of Casca to the conspiracy is effected by Cassius's argument with him.

18. Does the Act close with the implication that Brutus is won over to the conspiracy? What is foreshadowed by the frequent reference throughout the Act to the *ides of March*?

ACT SECOND.

19. How does Brutus reason about the ambition of Cæsar? What does he say (i. 61 *et seq.*) about his life since Cassius had first suggested the opposition to Cæsar?

20. Before the oath is proposed (line 113), what indication is given of the state of mind of the conspirators? How does Brutus answer the proposition that they swear their resolution? What does this reveal of his character?

21. Why does Brutus exclude Cicero from the group of conspirators? On what motive does he save Mark Antony? What later speech of his is foreshadowed?

22. What effect is secured by contrast of this scene with the sleeping boy?

23. How does Portia add to our knowledge of Brutus? What kind of a woman is she?

24. How does Sc. ii. provide a contrast with the preceding? How at the end of this Scene are the minds of the spectators further disposed in favour of the conspirators?

25. What purpose of the senators does Decius report? How does this dramatically affect the matter of the conspiracy?

26. Show in what ways Scs. iii. and iv. prepare for the tragic episode of the first Scene of the next Act.

ACT THIRD.

27. Note the dramatic effect of the first line of the Act. What is Cæsar's mental attitude in speaking the line?

28. Does Shakespeare intend any final impression concerning the justice of the conspiracy before the blow is struck?

29. How does the plot come near dissolution upon the minute almost of execution? Who saves the situation, and how?

30. What is the immediate effect upon Cassius and Brutus of Cæsar's death?

31. What sentiments concerning death are uttered by Brutus and Cassius?

32. Does the message that Antony sends by the servant sound frank and sincere? Does it initiate the falling action?

33. Upon what differing aspects of the situation do Cassius and Brutus dwell in their scene with Antony after the assassination?

34. How does the opposition to the conspirators begin to take shape towards the close of Sc. i.?

35. Comment on the following points of Brutus's speech: its personal apology; its patriotism; its sincerity; its pathos.

36. How is the dramatic problem met of not allowing Brutus's speech to weaken the effect of Antony's which follows? Was Brutus weak in allowing Antony to speak? Would Cassius have permitted it?

37. What was the prepossession of the crowd of citizens when Antony rose to address them?

38. Where rests the blame for the failure of the conspiracy?

39. How does Antony take up a phrase of Brutus's speech? What means does he use to controvert the assertion contained therein?

40. Show how the tide of feeling among the people changes as Antony progresses in his oration. What is the climax in this speech, and how is it prepared for? What theme has been held in abeyance so that its appeal may be augmented by pity?

41. What is Antony's state of mind after the citizens withdraw with Cæsar's body? Compare him with Hamlet at the close of the play-scene.

42. How is the effect of Antony's speech exhibited in Sc. iii.?

ACT FOURTH.

43. In Sc. i. how are the triumvirs engaged? What is seen as the reaction of mob-rule?

44. How does Antony regard Lepidus?

45. Does this Scene endeavour to enlist the sympathies for the triumvirs that were once given to the conspirators?

46. What is the purpose of Sc. ii.? What speeches in it indicate the declining fortunes of the republican leaders?

47. What mutual accusations pass between Brutus and Cassius? Where is the point of turning in their anger?

48. To what does anger give place?

49. Is there shown any deterioration in the characters of these two men?

50. In the larger economy of the action, what part does the death of Portia play? What particular effect is produced by the news of it at the time it is first made known?

51. How does this event serve as a test of the Stoic principles professed by the two men?

52. What does Brutus urge concerning the prosecution of the campaign? Wherein resides the irony of the famous lines uttered by him, beginning, *There is a tide in the affairs of men*?

53. What trait of Brutus does the incident of the boy and the instrument reveal? Of what scene is it reminiscent?

54. What is the dramatic purpose of the ghost scene?

ACT FIFTH.

55. In what relations does Sc. i. exhibit Antony and Octavius?

56. What are the taunts that Brutus and Cassius throw at Antony?

57. What change in his philosophical faith does Cassius announce in line 77 *et seq.*?

58. Does Brutus remain a confirmed Stoic?

59. What is foreshadowed in these farewell words?

60. What is the immediate occasion of Cassius's death? Describe the manner of it. In that was he a true Stoic?

61. How does Brutus stand in the opinion of the republicans, as evidenced by Titinius's words about Cassius (iii. 63), *The sun of Rome is set*? How is the feeling of irreparable disaster enforced by taking this line in comparison with lines 51-53?

62. Compare the now implied opinion of Brutus with the opinion held by him at the time of forming the conspiracy. What has occasioned the difference?

63. Interpret lines 94-96, *O Julius Cæsar,* etc.

64. For what does Sc. iv. prepare?

65. How does Brutus die?

66. How does Antony speak of Brutus at the end of the drama?

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67. Is the drama well named, considering that Cæsar plays so unimportant a part in it? What title would you suggest to cover the theme of the plot?

68. Who is the real hero of the drama? What was his de-

Questions

fect, considering the demand that the circumstances of the times would make upon its leading spirit?

69. In what respects was Cassius superior to Brutus as a man for the times?

70. Is there a falling off of dramatic interest after the third Act?

71. In what way does Cæsar become an active principle in the fourth and fifth Acts?

72. What was Brutus's chief quality as a man? In what instances does he exhibit it?

73. Do the women of this play exercise any influence in determining the action?

74. By the accepted chronology this play was produced just before *Hamlet*. Mention any indications you may find that Shakespeare was meditating his great masterpiece.

75. In what plays of Shakespeare is Julius Cæsar mentioned?